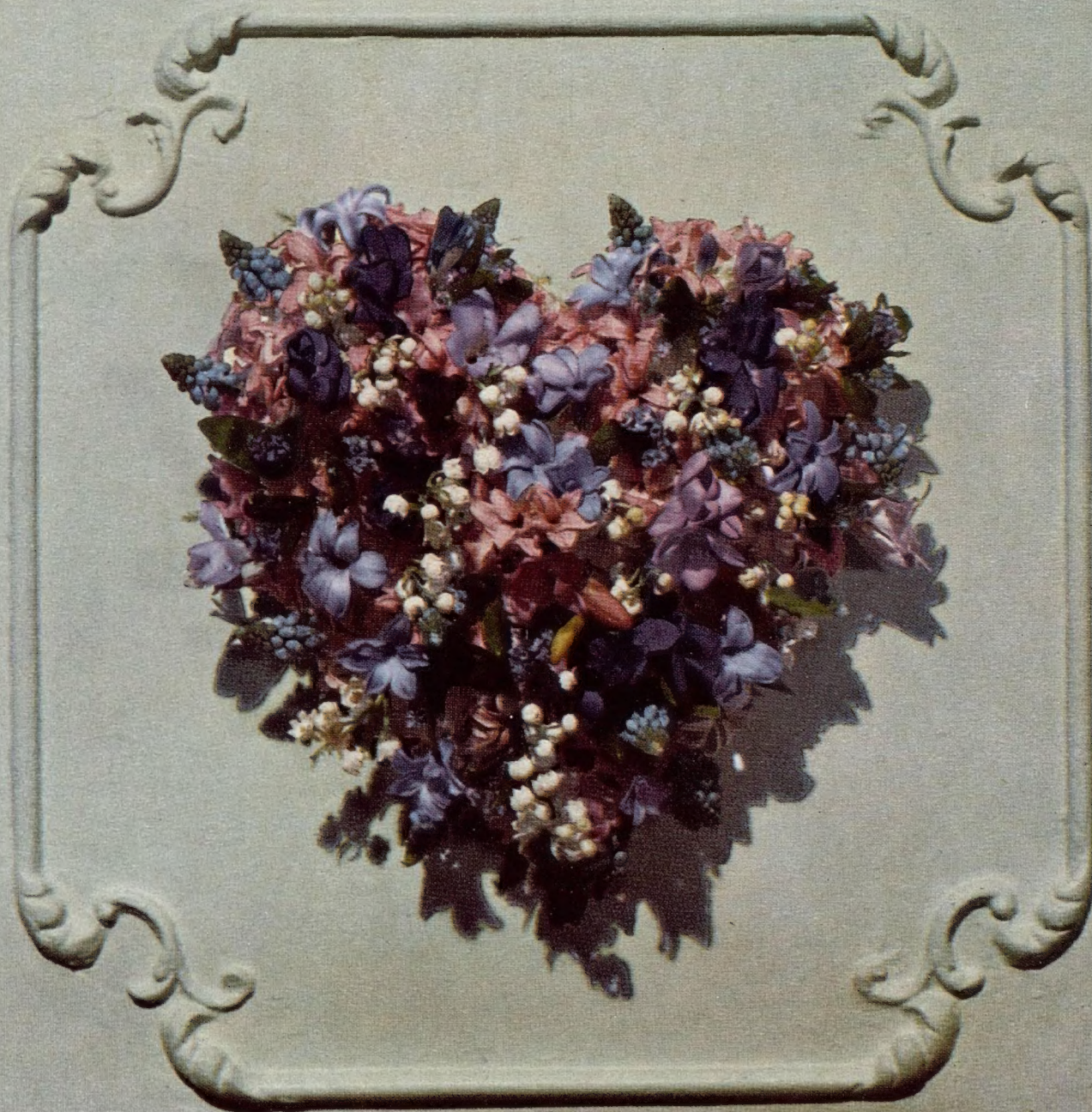




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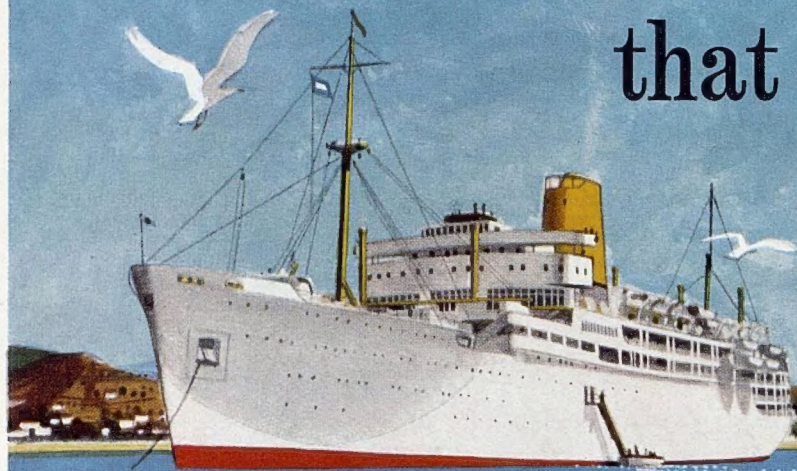
Tatler

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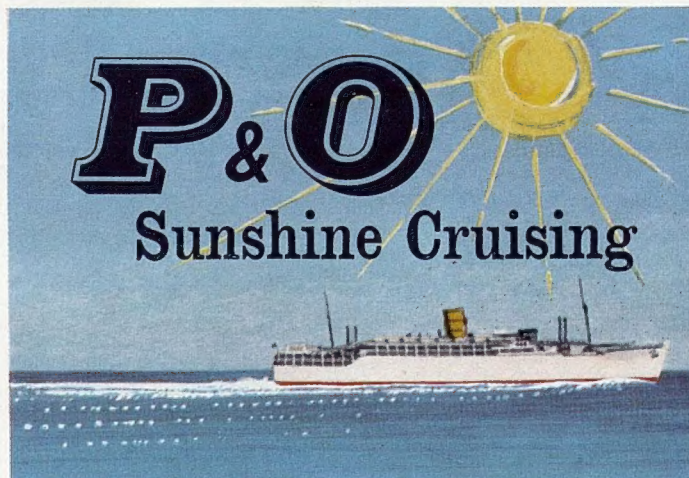
Ship's swimming pool A dip before breakfast . . . or a splash in the heat of the noon. *Always* refreshing.



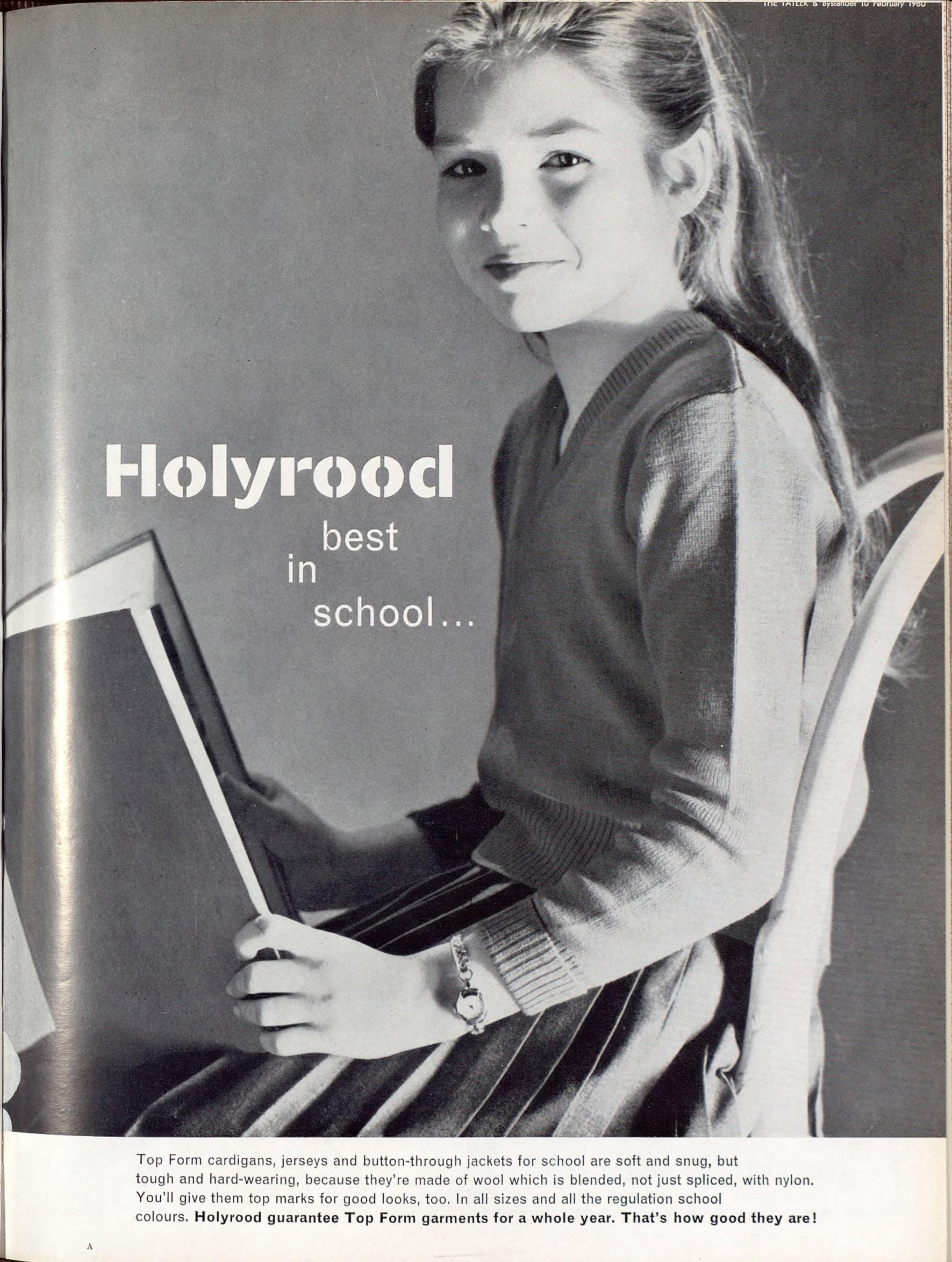
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GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

SPRING will be a little early this year according to the experts at Kew. This is one of the cheering points to be gleaned from this week's COVER FEATURE, a progress report on the season that seems so long coming about now. *Spring comes knocking* begins on page 227. . . . And talking about the time of year, February brings a third anniversary to "Tonight." Some wives are so keen on it that they can't be tempted to cocktail parties around seven unless there's a TV set in the house. But some husbands are never home in time to see it. So it is mainly for their benefit that Roger Hill is photographed *Seven Hundred & eighty Tonights* (page 240).

Husbands may also have something to say about the latest in trousers for women. Dior wants them worn for evening. This just about completes the feminine take-over of a masculine prerogative, as you can judge from Tom Hustler's *turn-up for the trouser* (page 237). . . . Provocative in another field is Spike Hughes, who always has something interesting to say about music. On page 244 he attacks *The Slavery of "Standards"* in modern musical taste. . . . And, for a last look round, fashion (pages 246-52) shows what's new in cottons, Counter Spy is in the kitchen (page 262), Ilse Gray examines devices for *Shedding light on pictures* (page 254) and Gordon Wilkins sheds some light on the current drunken-driver propaganda (page 260).

Next week: The Débutantes & Brides Number.

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SPORT **Rugby:** England v. Ireland, Twickenham, 13 February.
Women's Hockey: Scotland v. Wales, Perth, 20 February.
Squash Rackets: Women's Championships, Lansdowne Club, 15-20 February.
Lawn Tennis: Covered Court Championships of Great Britain, Queen's Club, 15-20 February.
Coursing: Waterloo Cup, Altcar, to 12 February.
Point-to-Points: West Norfolk, Lexham; Bullingdon Club, Crowell, Oxford, 13 February.

MUSICAL **Covent Garden Opera.** *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg* (first performance this season), 6 p.m., 19 February. (cov 1066.)
The Royal Ballet. Covent Garden. *Petrushka*, *Les Rendezvous* (first performances this season), and *Pineapple Poll*, 7.30 p.m., 11 February.
Dances Concertantes (Wells), & *Giselle* (Fonteyn), 8 p.m., 25 February (in the presence of the Queen Mother, and the President of Peru). (cov 1066.)
Sadler's Wells Opera: Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers*, 7.30 p.m., 17 February. (TER 1672/3.)
Royal Festival Hall: Vienna Boys' Choir, 3 p.m., 13 February. (WAT 3191.)

ART **Royal Academy Winter Exhibition:** "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 6 March.
Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings by Richard Lonsdale-Hands. 9-22 February.
Roland, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Sutherland (gouaches), and Whishaw (oils). To 27 February.

SHOWS **Scottish Dairy Show,** Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. 16-19 February.
Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Spring Show & Sale, Balmoral Belfast. 17-19 February.

FIRST NIGHTS **Prince's Theatre.** *Girl on the Highway*, 15 February.
Garick Theatre. *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*, 11 February.

HUNT BALLS **Old Berks** (Pusey House, near Faringdon), Vine (Corn Exchange,

Newbury), **Romney Marsh** (Queen's Hotel, Hastings), **Royal Agricultural College Beagles** (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), 12 February; **Warwickshire** (Shire Hall, Warwick), 19 February; **Garth** (Skindle's Hotel, Maidenhead), 26 February.

PRAISED PLAYS *From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 256.*

Rosmersholm. ". . . Mr. George Devine's revival of this great play is skilfully directed, imaginatively set and magnificently acted." Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam, John Blatchley, Patrick Magee. (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

West Side Story. ". . . high dramatic moments . . . music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Don McKay, George Chakiris, Ken Le Roy. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)



FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 257.

G.R. = General release

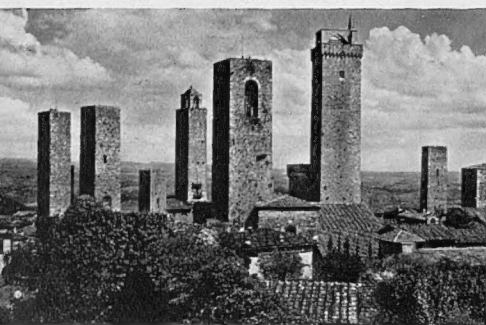
Please Turn Over. ". . . as unsuggestive as it is entertaining . . . a teenager's vision of sin . . . as innocent as the grass is green." Julia Lockwood, Ted Ray, Jean Kent. G.R.

The Boyar's Plot. ". . . tremendous and enthralling . . . one sees the hand of a superlative master." Nicolai Cherkasov, Mikhail Zhrov, Serafima Birman. (Academy Cinema, GER 2981.)

GOING PLACES *continued*

Touring in Tuscany

by DOONE BEAL

*San Gimignano*

TUSCANY amounts to a sizable bite out of the centre of Italy. To know this country of the Renaissance, of the bridge between the earliest Greek civilization and what remains of our own, demands an equally sizable bite out of a lifetime. And, like Greece, it breeds the same compulsion (which must be resisted) to try to see too much in too short a time.

Of its beautiful coast I shall write in another article. The inland country alone is a prospect formidable with delight: shall it be Florence, Arezzo, Pisa or Siena? Or all four? And what of the hill towns of San Gimignano and Volterra, Cortona, Certaldo and Vallombrosa? One can dedicate a visit to the Tuscan art galleries alone, to the churches and the museums, or, if archaeologically minded, to the Etruscan remains. It is equally possible to eat your way through this country with its rich, truffle-scented food, its strong red Chianti, fresh figs and flowery,

sweet *vino santo*. And above all, there is the landscape—so intensely rural, simple and beautiful, with its pincushion hills, cedar plantations and light so strong that shadows fall in long, dark daggers over the hillsides. Red soil, white oxen, yolk-yellow farmhouses vary an often barren, moonlike terrain, and birches feather the white stones of dry river beds. High, sandy roads wind through the pine and bracken forests. Tuscany is an adventure in all five senses, its pleasures must be taken in unison, but slowly.

I shall write next week of the main centres on which to base a holiday in Tuscany. But it is equally feasible to tour by car from place to place, stopping to eat and look wherever you feel inclined. Suitcase-living is a small price to pay for the infinite pleasure of wandering.

A main network of good roads links Florence, Pisa, Siena, Arezzo and Volterra. One of the most spectacularly lovely drives is that from Siena to Monte San Savino, on the main Arezzo road. But I remember with equal pleasure motoring from Florence to Siena on a route composed almost entirely of secondary roads, sometimes even tracks. They were never less than adequate, but at this point I should perhaps say that, once off the main highway, there are any number of byways not always charted. They lead somehow, somewhere, usually via an enchanting hill village, and one is only too glad not to have made rigid plans.

A particular route I took makes a large loop through the heart of Tuscany. It can be followed on the map, and I list the outline because it is worth noting: Take the road south-east out of Florence to Castelfiorentino, Certaldo, San Gimignano, and then due west on the main road to Volterra. Another secondary road then leads south through Pomarance and Castelnuovo, turning eastwards towards Siena at Scuola. For a short distance the road is less easy to follow (although the country is magnificent), and you must aim for the main Grosseto—Siena road at Frosini. One could complete an interestingly wayward circuit back to Florence by continuing from Siena to Arezzo, and then along the mountain road that runs through Bibbiena, making another small detour to include Vallombrosa. Ten days would give you comfortable time in which to loiter and look. It *could* be pared down to five, if you keep pretty stringently on the move.

The important question is where to stop. Certainly in Certaldo, where you must strike away from the through road up the hill, to see the old town. It is paved entirely with dark red brick, and has kept in its medieval atmosphere some of the magnificently unrefined character of the Decameron. Boccaccio's house has been recently restored and converted into a minor museum. Certaldo is one of Tuscany's most famous wine growing areas, so do not by-pass the old Osteria del Vicario (once a monastery), if only to stop for a drink. It also has eight bedrooms, excellent local food and a terrace with a water well looking out high over vineyards and the little hills. Altogether the Osteria is very hard to leave.

The thirteen towers of San Gimignano—the only ones that remain from this extraordinary 10th-

century skyscraper town—dominate the horizon for miles in every direction. "More shocking than New York," the late Bernard Berenson said of his first sight of them, using the word "shock" for once in its dictionary definition. Look out for two Lippo Memmi's in the Museo Comunale, and, in the same building, a fresco restored and completed by Gozzoli. La Cisterna is a reasonable small hotel.

Volterra shares with San Gimignano an air of fortified remoteness from the rest of the world, legacy of a running fight with Florence which continued for centuries. Just outside the city gates, the landscape—or should I say, the landslides of Balze Volterra, are traditionally supposed to have inspired Dante's *Inferno*. Volterra contains also an Etruscan museum, and the Palazzo dei Priori—the oldest municipal palace in Tuscany. Back to the pleasures of the table, I had a memorable lunch at Etruria, which is also one of the best of four simple hotels at which to stay.

I would recommend spending a night at either San Gimignano or Volterra on the way to Siena, and perhaps another at Vallombrosa (the Croce de Savoia is the best hotel), if you follow the suggested route back from Arezzo to Florence.

The only time of year when this casual form of touring might be clouded with the anxiety of not getting a bed is in July and August (although even then, the hill town albergos are not to the Cadillac taste). One can best enjoy inland Tuscany in the cooler months between April and late June, or in the autumn. I found it magnificent, and devoid of tourists, in late November.

You can ship your car by train to Milan; or fly direct to Pisa (Eagle Airways start their flights in May), and hire a car locally through Italian Railways.

Weddings



Barclay—Balding: Carolyn, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Barclay, of Broad Oak End, Hertfordshire, married Gerald, son of the late Mr. Gerald Balding, and of Mrs. Balding, of Fyfield House, near Andover, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, S.W.7



Scott—Moores: Jean Murray, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. John Murray Scott, Eildon, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, married Nigel, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Moores, Mayfield, Formby, Lancashire, at St. Mary's, Sunbury-on-Thames



Woolley—Fontes: Alice Trotman, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Woolley, of Paul End, Penn, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, married Peter Alexandre, son of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Fontes, of Hale, Cheshire, at St. James's, Piccadilly, W.1

Douglas H. Jeffery



Dining out

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Scotts, 18-20 Coventry Street, W.1. (GER 7175.) One of the last remaining great Edwardian restaurants. Besides its famous oysters and lobsters there are plenty of other good English dishes, supported by an outstanding cellar. A restaurant for leisurely eating in surroundings that produce contentment and lively conversation. *W.B.*

Gales, 13 Percy Street, W.C.1. (MUS 4804.) C.S. Tommy Gale, a Cockney restaurateur (who may be remembered by devotees of the Colony and Chez Henri restaurants and the Screen Writers and Empress clubs) has achieved a first-class restaurant of his own. There are several special dishes on the menu, but the *Tousseline de Brochet Gale* should not be missed. Game dishes are a speciality, including *Canard Sauvage la Presse*. There is a different *plat du jour* each day: those who want *Bollito Casalingo* should go on Thursdays. The wine list is good. For those prepared to spend a bit more there are six splendid wines specially shipped for this restaurant. *W.B.*

Chez Gaston, 36 Buckingham Palace Road. (VIC 4974.) *W.B.* lunch. This establishment, bar upstairs and

restaurant below, has both good cooking and a friendly, cheerful staff who go out of their way to make you happy. The Italian cooking is, in my opinion, some of the best in London.

White House, Albany Street. (EUS 1200, Ext. 14.) C.S. The room is as plain as that of a French provincial restaurant, but the food just as good. The Cranbourn Street establishment is open after the theatre. *W.B.* both.

Trocadero Grill, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) It has been consistently good as long as I have known it—for 35 years. Always full, but never overcrowded, and the service is outstanding. One of the best curries in London is on the menu every day except Sunday. There are several other specialities in a big menu. Music at lunchtime and dancing in the evenings, except on Sundays. There is a special menu for fourth-formers and below. *W.B.*

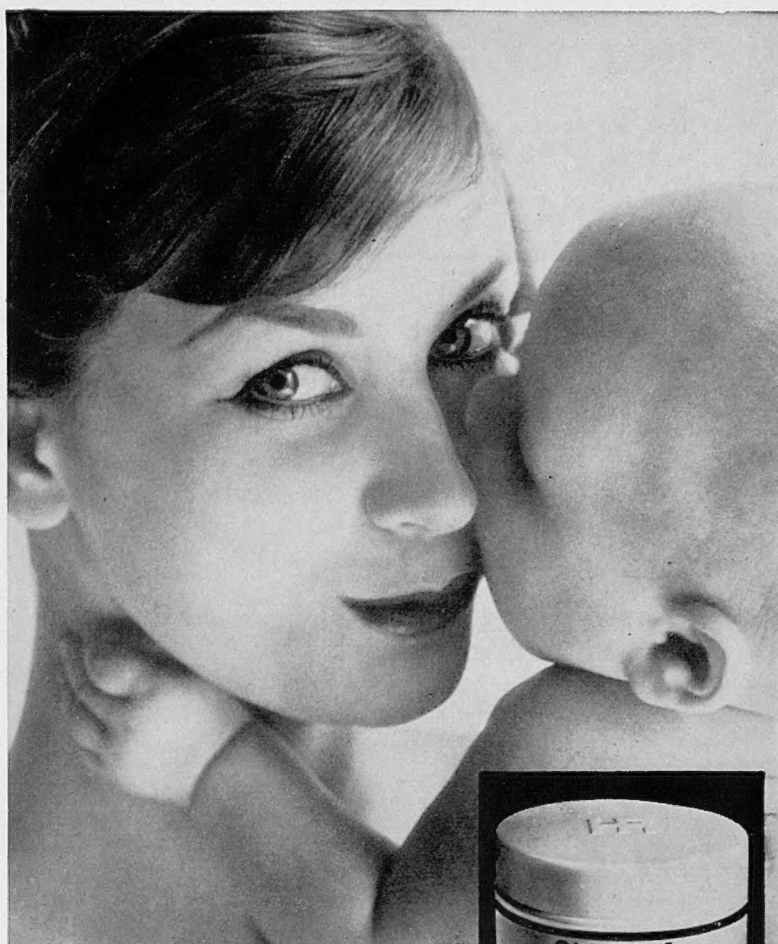
Alberts, 53 Beak Street, W.1. (GER 1296.) C.S. Restaurants come and go, start well and finish badly, but year by year—for something over 25 years—Alberts has been consistently good. There are no frills on the décor; the money and care goes into the cooking. The service is more than ordinarily friendly. *W.B.*

Overtons, Victoria Buildings, Victoria Station. (VIC 3774.) C.S. One of my favourite restaurants. Small, first-class cooking, especially fish, admirable service, good cellar, and pleasant décor. Oysters excellent, and not ruinously expensive, and *sole Colbert* outstanding. I like as well its bigger and more opulent younger brother in St. James's Street (TRA 3774. C.S.) and the younger generation would find it more amusing. But I know of several discerning Frenchmen who make straight for the Victoria one on reaching London.



Morrison—King: Mandy, only daughter of Mr. R. Morrison, and of Mrs. D. G. Morrison, of Hove, Sussex, married Jeremy David, only son of the late Mr. Raphael King, and of Mrs. King, of Duke Street, W.1, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Moodie—Davies: Gillian, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Moodie, Longhill, Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire, married Richard, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Davies, of Beech Hill, Hadley Wood, at St. Mary the Virgin's, Hadley Wood



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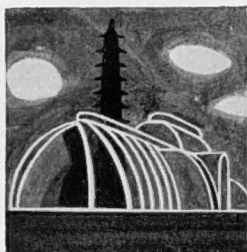


SPRING *comes knocking*

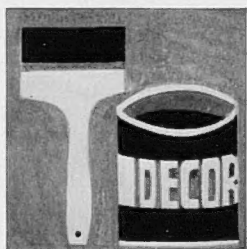
A progress report to cheer those who find that, round about February, winter seems as though it is here to stay



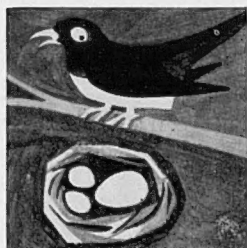
SPRING FLOWERS, raised under glass like those in the Valentine posy on the cover, are already at the florists'. . . . Snowdrops, grape hyacinth, violets, freesia. . . . And at Covent Garden there are blooms from abroad . . . anemones, mimosa and paper-white narcissus from France, lilac, carnations and forsythia from Holland, blue iris from Guernsey, daffodils, narcissi and tulips from Jersey



FORECAST at Kew is that spring will be a little early this year. . . . Buds are swelling rapidly because wood ripened so well last summer. . . . Camelias have already been in bloom in the open. . . . Hazel catkins are showing . . . and crocuses are expected within 10 days or so



COLOURS for spring will be more muted. . . . Cool pale browns for fabrics. . . . Greys, lime and linden greens . . . lilac and lavender for lingerie as well as wallpaper . . . and spring blues with names like syren and sky tint. . . . Lobster and geranium pinks are coming back for accessory contrast with white. . . . And of course there's no shifting black. . . . Next week the British Colour Council is having a show of colours for interior decoration

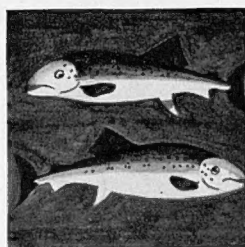


EARLY BIRDS are heading back to Britain for the season. . . . The cuckoo is beginning to move north from wintering south of the Sahara. . . . Also on the wing are gulls (from Spain and Portugal) . . . the willow-warbler . . . the chiff-chaff. . . . And wild duck and geese, winter visitors, are preparing to go summering in Russia

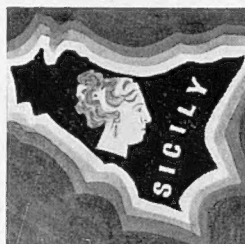


SPRING SHOWS are beginning. . . . The Ulster show comes on at Belfast on 17 February. . . . The Bull Show opens in Dublin on 23 February. . . . The couture collections have been presented in Paris, Florence and London . . . (Pictures from the earliest, the London shows, will appear in The TATLER next week. . . . For a point from Paris turn to page 237)

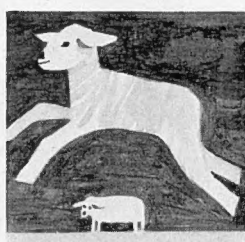
SPRING comes knocking *continued*



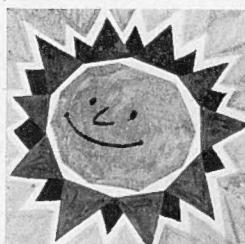
FISH are on the move. . . . Herring are swimming from their spawning grounds in the Straits of Dover towards their feeding grounds over the Dogger Bank. . . . Salmon from the sea are on their way upstream to next autumn's spawning beds and the season has opened in most rivers . . . 25-35-lb. specimens are reported from the Avon and Wye. . . . Trout? They're busy fattening for the opening of the season, probably in March



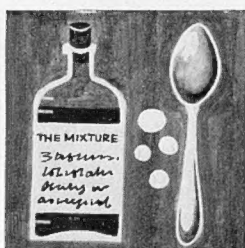
THE SPRING FESTIVAL has begun in Sicily, "land of eternal spring" . . . The almond blossom festival, held in the Valley of the Greek Temple at Agrigento, honours the goddess of spring, Persephone (Proserpine), to whom Sicily was considered sacred. . . . Spring is the island's high season—summer is so hot there that knowing visitors go earlier



LAMBING has begun on the farms . . . rooks are finishing nest-building . . . foxes are mating. . . . Wheat in many parts is nearly a foot high. . . . February is filling the dykes. . . . Spring chickens? They're a thing of the past now that the incubator provides year-round chickens



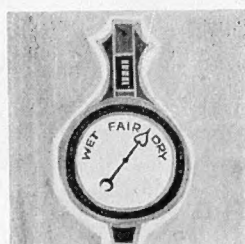
THE SUN, cause of all the business, is about 40 degrees short of the spring equinox (which means well past half-way). . . . When it gets there, spring is here. . . . It's the position of the sun that does the trick, so spring starts more or less simultaneously all over Europe. . . . And it only happens north of the equator



SPOTS may be erupting but don't blame spring. . . . The change from cold to warmer weather may make some people feel out of sorts but medical science does not recognize it as anything specific. . . . So the spring tonic is mainly good for the brimstone and treacle trade



SPRING WEDDINGS are probably being planned under a misapprehension by many hopeful couples. . . . The bride who names the day just before the end of the tax year in April will only make a profit out of the Inland Revenue if she is giving up working. . . . If she is keeping at her job she'd do better to call the whole thing off till October—there'll be a bigger rebate in it



WEATHER OMEN, according to an old saying in Worcestershire and other counties:

"If February Calends be summerly gay

'Twill be winterly weather on the Calends of May."

How was your weather last Wednesday?



Michel Molinare

SPRING HATS will have almost a masculine look. . . . They have clear-cut unfussy lines like this soft felt model from Jenny Fischer's spring collection. . . . This one has three of the colours used again and again in the collections, black, white and pale chocolate brown. . . . Most spring hats, whether wide- or small-brimmed, have high crowns



Princess Alexandra who scored a personal success on her State visit to Australia last summer was guest of honour at the dinner, which is held annually

Australia Day dinner



Above: Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner in London, and Lady Harrison. Above right: The honorary secretary of the Australia Club, Mr. A. B. Pritcher, Mrs. Muir, & Mr. D. J. Muir, Agent General for Queensland. See Muriel Bowen's notes alongside.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Tunku Ya'acob, Malaya's High Commissioner in London, and his wife, Tunku Maimunah



Mr. C. J. M. Alport, M.P., Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Mrs. Alport



The Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster Group-Capt. G. H. Pirie, C.B.E., J.P., & Mrs. Pirie

MURIEL



BOWEN

MORE PEOPLE than ever this summer will go to the Queen's Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace—but there will be no débutantes. The announcement in *The Times* has meant for debs' mums a thrill of anticipation, followed by depression. It read: "... the third garden party will take the place of the presentation parties for débutantes which are no longer held. . . ." Promptly the Lord Chamberlain's telephone number started to ring and his letters suddenly reached "incredible numbers"—all because the mothers felt that this third garden party must surely be for *their daughters*. This has surprised the Palace, where it was felt that the announcement of two years ago that the Queen would hold no more presentation parties was enough for everybody to realize that the official welcome for débutantes at the Palace was finished—for ever and ever.

Who, then, will go to the Royal garden parties? About 30,000 people in all, men and women of achievement in the national life of Britain and the Commonwealth. The extra garden party means 10,000 more this year. It hasn't been fully worked out yet but, as was generally expected, guests from the Commonwealth will be there in greater profusion. Instead of the usual handful of mayors there will be substantially more representatives at local government level. More invitations, too, are going to the professions, and these will be allotted on a broader basis. Several professional organizations in each category are asked to submit names instead of one each as hitherto.

The garden parties, scheduled for 9 May, 14 July, and 21 July, are being resumed after last year's lapse during the absence of the Queen & Prince Philip in Canada.

VERY AUSTRALIAN, VERY

A Royal occasion last week was the Australia Day dinner attended by Princess Alexandra. Wearing a very becoming white organdie dress with green spots, she went to the Dorchester where the dinner was given by the Australia Club. The meal was of Elizabethan proportions, wines were choice and stories witty. Best of all, I think the

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The reception was held for members of the Consular Corps in London

CONSULAR *reception at the Dorchester*

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. Ivan P. Glazkov of the Russian Embassy with Mr. Luis Jordana, who organized the reception



Mr. Hector Angel Martinez Castro (vice-consul at the Argentine Embassy) and Mrs. Castro



Miss Lucrecia Antonio with Mr. Julio A. Brodermann, who is doyen of the Consular Corps



Commander C. Gower Robinson & Mrs. Robinson (Ursula Bloom, whose first book *Tiger* was published privately when she was seven years old)

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Princess enjoyed the telegram of good wishes from the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Robert Menzies: "Her splendid visit to Australia made us all feel she was a good Australian."

The City of London was there in distinguished force, Mr. Cameron & Lady Hermione Cobbold, Lord & Lady Aldenham, Sir James & Lady Young, Sir Nicholas & Lady Cayzer, Mr. & Mrs. Hamish Currie, and Sir Alexander & Lady Sim.

Australia of today, bustling like the old American Middle West, has a special appeal for City men. They heard Mr. Heathcoat Amory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, call it "one of the most prosperous nations in the world." And Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner added: "... Sixty years ago we Australians were hewers of wood and drawers of water... and now five hundred factories have been founded from parent companies in England."

English interest in Australia was neatly emphasized by having Sir William Currie as chairman of the dinner. His ships have been bringing Englishmen to Australia and Australians to England since 1852 (and in the days before the Suez Canal they took them across the desert in covered wagons).

Mr. Heathcoat Amory, in lively form, poked fun at his Cabinet colleagues, including the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Carrington. "I've been assured on high authority," said the Chancellor gravely, "that next time he visits the Fleet, radar will identify him and broadsides will be fired."

He talked of happy visits to Australia, especially of sailing with the late Sir Alexander McCormick in Sydney Harbour—"a wonderful man whose daughter Lady (Colin) Anderson is here tonight. He told me how he sailed a small boat from England to Australia with his 73-year-old chauffeur
continued overleaf



Miss Beryl Foyle and Miss Christina Foyle received guests in the Halford Room

LITERARY *luncheon 'to greet the '60s'*

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEWIS MORLEY



The Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Adolfo do Amaral Abranches Pinto, and Miss Harriette Crittall



Mr. Paul Getty, who recently bought Sutton Place, old home of the Duke & Duchess of Sutherland

The HH meets at Hackwood Park, Lord Camrose's home

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VAN HALLAN



Mr. Jack Raymond and Viscount Camrose. The Hampshire Hunt Meet was held at Hackwood Park (above), country home of the Camrose family

Miss Mary Esch and Mr. Richard Heaton, who rides with both the Flint and Denbigh and with Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt

Lady Smiley, wife of Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt. She and her husband came from their home Ivalls, near Alton, for both the meet and the ball

Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt., the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry (she and her husband spent the weekend at Hackwood Park) and Mr. Thomas Weldon



as crew. A couple of weeks out the chauffeur gave notice, but it had comfortably expired by the time they reached Australia. . . ."

Lady Anderson told me a little more about that crossing after the dinner. "My mother and I went to Fortnum's to order food for six months, and then we saw them off from Falmouth. We wondered if we would ever see them again, but we did four and a half months after. Father was just that sort of man."

It was a very Australian evening, very. Exciting people talking about an exciting country.

SILVER BUTTONS AND JIVE

The "H.H." had a ball at Winchester's Guildhall, with more pretty and well-groomed young girls than one usually sees at the smarter London dances. But, then, when the "H.H." gets on the dance floor competition is pretty stiff. Mr. H. K. Goschen (who is Joint-Master of the Hunt with his wife), General Lord Jeffreys, the 82-year-old hunt chairman, and his heir Capt. Mark Jeffreys of the Grenadier Guards, Lt.-Col. J. A. T. Bower, Major Richard Sharples, the M.P. for Sutton & Cheam, and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Julian Berry all looked slick as field-m Marshals. They were in the hunt uniform, a dashing affair consisting of dark blue coat with silver buttons, and matching knee breeches with black hose and silver buckled patent leather shoes.

Of course, it's one thing to turn up in this sort of get-up, quite something else to look at home in it. The men of the "H.H." looked marvellous. Perhaps it is the practice they get. "We've got eight adjacent hunts here," Mrs. Goschen, told me, "so they have an excuse to get dressed up at least nine times a year."

Early in the evening there was a jive session with fluffy young girls spinning about like pieces of clockwork. I saw Mr. Richard Dumbleby, whose children hunt with the "H.H.," neatly sidestep off the floor as the



Lt.-Col. the Hon. Julian Berry (Lord Camrose's youngest brother, who commands the Royal Horse Guards) and Mrs. H. K. Goschen, who shares the Mastership of the H.H. with her husband. Below: Sir Bryan Bonsor, Bt., & Lady Bonsor



Miss Carolyn Band and Miss Celia Wenger with Mr. Anthony Edgar, son of the treasurer of the hunt. Below: Miss Mary Archer-Shee, a 1959 débutante, whose father, Col. John Archer-Shee, is district commissioner of the local Pony Club



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

pace got cracking. His diplomatic excuse: he was in search of friends.

Sitting at candlelit tables on the stage, in boxes in the gallery, or in the Banqueting Hall I saw **Lord Chesham**, **Col. J. B. Scott** and his son **Major Jim Scott**, Misses **Elizabeth** and **Jennifer Gott**, daughters of the late Lt.-General Gott, who are both two-day-a-week followers of the "H.H."

Among others were: Mr. & Mrs. **Brian Butler**, **Sir Hugh Smiley**, who is High Sheriff of Hampshire, & **Lady Smiley**, Mr. **Robin Edgar** and his son **Anthony** (who I thought cheated a bit over the hunt uniform—he wore the top half with ordinary evening-dress trousers), **Lady (Charlotte) Bonham Carter**, **Capt. & Mrs. A. F. Coryton**, **Lady Doughty-Tichborne**, and **Lady Philippa Wallop**, who had some effective ideas for decorating the ballroom and a poky little room which made an amusing night-club.

Next morning dancers (though not all of them) and their horses were at the meet at Hackwood Park, where they were most hospitably entertained by **Viscountess Camrose**. It was a busy day of woodland hunting, hounds sticking to their fox for more than three hours before being forced by falling darkness to give up.

The field was a mixture of retired people, farmers, and those who, "come down from the City for the weekends." Though 60 strong it wasn't quite as big as the usual Saturday field, which I suppose was only to be expected after the energies released the night before. A nice touch was a "Good Hunting" wave from the Mayor of Winchester, **Mrs. P. A. T. Lowden**, as hounds moved off.

Sir Bryan & Lady Bonsor were mounted, and so was **Mr. Larry Smith** on his well-

known, bob-tailed grey cob **Titus**. **Mr. Reggie Seligman** was down from London for the weekend, as was **Mr. Charles Petre** (whose father **Capt. Petre** rode **Lovely Cottage** to win the **Grand National**) on a very hot-headed brown. **Mrs. Hampden Inskip** was going beautifully on a horse which she told me she would like to ride in point-to-points.

There were a lot of children, experts at opening and shutting difficult gates—something they have been trained to do by **Col. Jack Archer-Shee**, moving spirit behind the local Pony Club. They've now got their own hunt ball which will be held this year, as last, at **Lord Chesham's** place. "They run it entirely on their own," **Mrs. Goschen** told me, "and they're very fussy about ages. Anybody who isn't between 14 and 21 is sent to the library to watch television."

It was a bit rash of me to go with the "H.H." as they expect a lot of sporting journalists. Driving home (I thought the time was nicely chosen) **Mr. Goschen** pointed out the 6-ft. fence which **Nimrod** jumped when he came to the "H.H." to report their activities in 1823. All I can say is that he must have had as good a horse as the one **Mr. Gerald Barnes** (father of the show-jumping sisters) lent me for the day.

MR. GETTY IN WAITING

Before the fun and frolics of Hampshire I went to **Miss Christina Foyle's** literary luncheon at the Dorchester. One of the guests was **Mr. Paul Getty** ("world's richest American"), who some time ago bought **Sutton Place**, the Duke of Sutherland's mansion in Surrey. His story was the usual one of house movers. "I go down to **Sutton Place** once a

week," he told me, "and each time there are more men working there. There must be a couple of dozen by now, so I'm hoping that it won't be long before they move out and I can move in." **Mr. Getty**, a quiet unassuming man, looked surprised by the large volume of applause that greeted his introduction by the chairman.

Miss Foyle's luncheon didn't feature an author or a book. This time it was simply entitled: "*To Greet the Sixties: Speaker, Lord Boothby.*" What **Lord Boothby's** contribution to the sixties might be neither he nor anybody else satisfactorily sorted out. **Viscount Lambton**, M.P., made the boldest bet. "Now that **Lord Boothby** has given up national affairs," he said, "he is devoting himself to the cult of his own personality."

I thought the biggest question mark of the sixties was posed by four silent figures prominently placed at the top table—the High Commissioners for Rhodesia & Nyasaland, South Africa, and Ghana, and by **Alhagi Abdul Maliki**, the Commissioner for Nigeria, a spectacular figure in sky-blue linen robes embroidered in moss-green silk.

Sitting at the top table were: **Margaret Lady Ebbisham**, **Lady Fairley**, and **Lt.-Cdr. Douglas Dixon**. Also at the luncheon were **Capt. & Mrs. Humphry Tollemache**, **Viscountess Hudson**, the **Hon. Mrs. Gerald Montagu**, **Mrs. T. Greville Williams**, the **Countess of Norbury**, and **Mr. & Mrs. E. Clifford Prescott**.

CORRECTION: In the caption to a picture taken at the Cresta Ball (30 Dec.) **Mrs. Gilbert Hughes** of Park Crescent, W.1., was incorrectly given the first name of **Sasky** instead of **Lisa**. We regret this error.

BRIGGS by **Graham**



A TURN FOR THE TROUSER

The news from Paris clinches it. Women are wearing the trousers—and it's too late for men to do anything about it now that the House of Dior is pushing trousers for formal evening wear. So the stealthy feminine infiltration that began so self-consciously in the 1930s ends with victory on all fronts—as may be judged on the following pages

Panted elegance, as portrayed by Miss Maya Guha, who was recently married in India to Mr. Michael Pertwee. This is the nearest we can show you to the elaborate elegance of the as-yet-embargoed creations by M. St. Laurent (could his forthcoming call-up have been preying on his mind?)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER



Demonstrating how completely men have lost their pants, a parade of women trousered for both work and play. . . . Nobody demurs at skating and ski-ing pants and only her husband, Mr. Mike Hall, minds when Miss Anne Rogers of *My Fair Lady* wears them for playing around the house with her seven-month-old son, Timothy. As for Miss Doriss, rehearsing her troupe (*opposite*) at Beirut Casino, well the showgirls are hardly dressed to complain about her. . . . Smart shopping and smarty pants go together, and what else for window dressing? Caroline Westmacott, a young married model, finds them essential for do-it-yourself, and Mrs. Paul Harker (*opposite below*) wouldn't dream of inspecting her pig farm in Kent in anything but her prewar cavalry twills. And now Dior. . .

A TURN FOR THE TROUSER





SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TONIGHTS *the five-nights-a-week television*

show that tends to get left on at cocktail parties

has its third anniversary this month

TONIGHT begins this morning. At ten o'clock it is an empty shell of time and before evening it has to be fertilized with ideas, given form, words, characters and music.

In the offices that have been made from the angular Edwardian houses of Lime Grove the production staff of *Tonight* put their energy to research. The contents must be varied, topical and accurate, but inoffensive and easy to digest. They must not clash with the specialized arts, sports or news programmes. It is television's evening paper without the front and back pages. But what is topical? How do you find out? The easy way is to look in the papers, but of course this is not enough. What people, who would give an amusing interview, have arrived in London today? Where is the author of a new provocative book? Does he speak as well as he writes? Would that actress have time to get back to her theatre after the programme? Does that artist know English? There are innumerable leads to be followed and correlated, and on some of them action must be taken.

After lunch the day's film is shown. There is a news item from Japan, an outside feature prepared by one of the announcers, propaganda from Australia, a cut (not the censor's) of an unusual film showing in London, a time-and-motion study from France. A

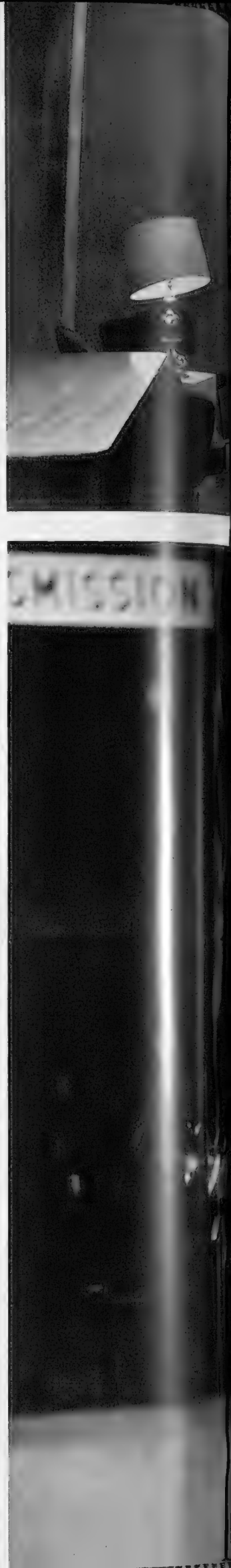
decision is made on these and the specialists start to prune them and dub a suitable commentary. While scripts are being written and facts rechecked, the studio staff are briefed on the probable running-order of the programme. Camera and sound crews take their positions, guide marks are chalked on the floor, electricians light their colleagues who act as crude, blasé stand-ins. At about half-past four there is an attempt at a rehearsal. Interviewers give their cues and make suggestions, then retire to learn their lines. An early arrival is put through her paces. The art director decides on his props. And the guitarist mouths his songs almost silently in a corner.

Tea is before six. The studio emptied of people assumes an unreal life of its own. The lamps stare down without blinking from the high ceiling, the cameras become like animated and offensive super-ray guns, cables snake like arteries from organ to organ, two clocks relentlessly thud the seconds into the sound-dampened room.

The spell is quickly broken. A few minutes before the programme is due to start, technicians and artists surge into the room and try to get organized. There is a last-minute effort to remember the words, a repair to a spoilt make-up, then "*Quiet please*". . . .

. . . and the next *Tonight* will be tomorrow night.

PHOTOGRAPHED AND DESCRIBED BY ROGER HILL





The day begins with the studios deserted and cameras left covered from the night before. But before the day is out a whole new 40-minute programme will have been devised and presented, using a range of complicated apparatus seen (below) from the producer's window





THIS MORNING Tonight was formless and unplanned—a collection of ideas with a dozen loose ends to each one. Then the backroom teams took over to check facts, contact elusive out-of-town personalities, correlate themes, send out film units and finally to write the scripts. The telephone is the lifeline and connecting link for Gordon Watkins (above right) at his littered desk; for Peter Batty and Willy Cave (left) and production assistants Kenneth Corden and Cynthia Judah (right) responsible for entertainment, books and the arts



SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TONIGHTS *continued*

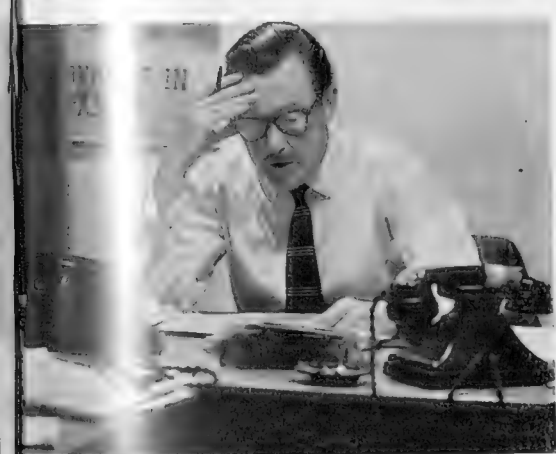


THIS AFTERNOON Tonight began to take shape after an executive session in the studio cinema where rushes of filmed material were screened for editor Donald Baverstock (above left) and Cliff Michelmores (above). One side of the studio became a waiting-room before rehearsals while (right) a floor manager ironed out the latest snag—the Siamese dancer's recorded music had been played on the wrong side. Timing and cues are set. Finally Tonight is ready—but there is still always the chance of a late news story breaking





TONIGHT is on the air. Alan Whicker (left) takes a final glance at his script then advances (above) into camera range flanked by blown-up photographs of a stern Queen Victoria. Cliff Michelmore (right) interprets an example of modern sculpture sent in by a viewer. The programme rolls smoothly—for the viewing audience it is the art that conceals art. But at the end comes an off-camera post-mortem conducted (right) by the show's principals and a distinguished participant, former "Daily Express" editor Arthur Christiansen



The slavery of 'standards'

—*did ENSA do its work too well?*

DO YOU REMEMBER, during the war, a worthy body called ENSA? The initials stood for something illiterate like "Entertainments National Service Association," and the idea behind it all was to entertain the troops by flinging actors, acrobats, singers and dancing girls as far and wide as a global war encouraged them to. Leslie Henson used to swear that over the entrance of ENSA's headquarters were written the words "*Abandon all hope ye who ENSA here!*" (which translates most neatly back into Dante's language as "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che ensate!*").

The ENSA headquarters were at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. I discovered that when M.I.5 rang me up mysteriously to ask if I could find out for them where ENSA was. As I didn't know, I looked up the address in the telephone book and read it out to them. I wondered at the time, if I hadn't been able to lay hands on this information, exactly what disguises M.I.5's agents would have had to adopt to find out. A cynical friend suggested that all anybody had to do was to announce loudly that he could sing and an ENSA talent scout would pop out of the ground and sign him up on the spot for North Africa or the Middle East; and no audition needed.

What exactly M.I.5 did with the information I gave them I never discovered. From that time onwards, however, it seemed—perhaps coincidentally—that ENSA and one or two smaller organizations of similar ideals devoted more of their energies than hitherto to the propagation of music among the boys "in khaki and two kinds of blue" (that was the terrifying phrase which introduced a weekly B.B.C. programme). Within a very short time everybody behind the enterprise was being extremely smug about Good Music, the New Audience, and the Golden Future that awaited music in the peace that was to follow.

"You see," they said, as they pointed to the thousands of "ordinary" people who sat and listened to symphony orchestras and pianists playing concertos in camps and factories during the war, "they simply *love* Good Music. They will form The Audience of the Future."

I remember at the time being churlish enough, much as I hated to doubt that those musically innocent thousands did enjoy Good Music, to think that they listened to

Good Music because they were fed up, far from home, had music brought to them, and had little freedom to do the things they wanted to. The chances of the wartime combatant and factory-worker concert-goers being worth backing as the New Audience in this country seemed to me to depend largely on the answer to one question: How many of those thousands who were getting their symphonies for sixpence, or whatever it was, would walk across the road in peacetime to a concert hall if they could take their sweetheart to the pictures (even if that cost them ten times as much)? The answer, as I feared, was: Precious few. And yet, looking at the musical public 15 years after the war, one wonders whether, after all, ENSA and the rest of them didn't perhaps do their work too well.

What else, I mean, can explain the arrested development of the present-day concert audience? Looking recently at a bill of London concert announcements for the following fortnight I counted three performances of Beethoven's "Emperor" piano concerto, two of "the" Tchaikovsky concerto (No. 1), two of Rachmaninoff's No. 2, two of the Grieg concerto; the highlights of the purely orchestral contribution were two performances each of Dvorak's "New World" and Fourth symphonies, Tchaikovsky's Fifth and Sixth, Brahms's First, Beethoven's Eighth, one each of Schubert's "Unfinished," Beethoven's Seventh and Sibelius's Second. The prospect reads like a series of ENSA concerts for factory canteens—the same old Good Music and the ever-faithful Benno Moiseiwitsch and Eileen Joyce to dispense the popular piano concertos.

This is what that famous New Audience demands, and since it pays the piper, what it gets. It is the music it was taught to like and, apparently, is still determined to like above all else.

It is hard to believe, looking at this sadly typical curriculum, that London was once one of the great musical capitals of the world—a mere 21 years ago. In those days the listener's choice was far wider, not only in the matter of the performers who visited London but in the general musical repertoire. The established "classics," such as the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms, were what we expected from the acknowledged masters like Toscanini, Bruno Walter and Weingartner—

rather as we expect Shakespeare to be played by our best actors. From Beecham we expected Delius, Mozart and Sibelius; from Hamilton Harty the unfamiliar music of Berlioz; from Henry Wood a consistently catholic range of out-of-the-ordinary music of all periods both at the Proms and during the winter. It was an era when what are now the hackneyed inevitables of our concert programmes were supremely well played and their performance regarded as an occasion.

For the rest of the time there was no shortage of novelties or of conductors willing either to examine the music of less fashionable composers or try out the less familiar works of the fashionable ones—and there was no shortage of audiences eager to encourage them, either. In this way it wasn't always only the Second Symphony of Sibelius, for instance, that was played; the rest of the Finnish composer's seven symphonies as well as his other orchestral works became increasingly well known. Today only Beecham and Klemperer (now the Beethoven specialist where once he had been extremely *avant-garde* in his conducting activities) visit us at all regularly.

But it is not the absence of great musical figures capable of presenting the classical, the modern or the unfamiliar with authority that has affected the concert life of London and turned it into a perpetual Saturday night "pop." It is the audience which insists on all-comers, whatever their talent, dishing out the same old fare week after week.

How the music is performed no longer seems to matter; it is familiarity that is important. It would be easy to blame the concert organizers for this state of affairs, but they have a living to earn and know from bitter experience that since the war anything off the beaten track means a half-empty hall. There is, of course, a familiar argument which insists that there is always *somebody* hearing the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto for the first time. Without suggesting that the Proms are still the best place to begin one's listening education (because their whole idea is to give as nearly as possible a complete annual survey of the general literature of music), I reckon that at the rate of postwar performances of Tchaikovsky's concerto in London alone there can hardly be an individual between the ages of seven and 70 in the whole British Isles who has not heard it

BY SPIKE HUGHES

half a dozen times by now. And all those other pieces, too.

It is not the question of the exclusion of contemporary music from concert programmes that is disconcerting—except to contemporary composers, of course. Most modern composers, living in a *huis clos* of their own creation, exclude themselves by writing for each other, not the public. It is the appalling backwardness of the New Audience, its unwillingness to try anything unfamiliar even once, or catch up with the idiom of Bartok, Stravinsky or Walton, which was readily understood by the ordinary musical public before the war.

It is a situation without parallel in history. Stravinsky was always guaranteed to raise a riot in my boyhood days, but nobody boos new music any more because nobody is even faintly curious to hear anything they haven't heard before—even by Tchaikovsky. It is puzzling, frustrating and I see no solution to it.

The cause is equally mysterious. I have an idea it is because television has taken the place of sound radio in too many potential

listeners' lives. Before the war the B.B.C. had a stimulating and healthy effect on the average listener; and prewar television—let it not be forgotten—also showed musical enterprise and imagination that the B.B.C. bosses have not encouraged it to equal since. Today—well, look at the drabness and “safeness” of television music, so carefully chosen not to offend the mass viewer or make him think. Small wonder that English musical life and taste are at an all-time low if *Housewives' Choice* and *Juke-Box Jury* set our standards.

The only hope, as I see it, is that somehow Nature will take a hand, and by some miracle or other quickly replace this New Audience with a newer one which will at least not be so far behind its own times that it is behind the times of its old-fashioned parents thirty years ago as well.

The Newer Audience may decide to shoot the pianists for not doing their best; but I think that would be unfair. They have been doing as well as their stuffy, ENSA-bred, and now just-on-middle-aged customers will allow them.

SIR WILLIAM WALTON conducts . . . “There is an appalling unwillingness to catch up with the idiom of Bartok, Stravinsky or Walton, which was readily understood by the ordinary musical public before the war”

Alan Vines



COTTON

takes the stage

Curtain-up on new cotton fashions photographed by Michel Molinare against the striking décor designed by Franco Zeffirelli for next week's production of Cavalleria Rusticana (and its traditional team-mate, Pagliacci) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Sicilian cart, part of the colourful Easter Sunday procession in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, sets off Horrockses' dress in beige cotton shaped and tucked slightly into a wide belt, then widened into a full skirt. The matching Orlon cardigan is edged with the dress fabric. Price: 9½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London; Smalls, Edinburgh; Arana, Clacton-on-Sea. Gilt bracelets are by Adrien Mann







COTTON

takes the stage

continued

Left: Striped in pink and white, Sambo's fine cotton shirtwaister with a swinging skirt and stiffened petticoat. Price: £5 19s. 0d. at Robinson & Cleaver; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham & Manchester. Dorville bag from Kiki Byrne, Chelsea, in March: £1 18s. 6d. *Opposite:* A white collar deepens to waist height over a café au lait and white striped cotton dress with its own petticoats. By Marcel Fenez: 5½ gns. at Galeries Lafayette; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; Heyworth's, Cambridge. *Below:* Brown and black are lightened with white in a print cotton dress by Fredrica: 4 gns. at Marcel, Knightsbridge; Dalys, Glasgow; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. Straw sombrero: 23s. 6d. by Dorville at Marshall & Snelgrove, London.







Opposite: Crisply shaped sleeveless dress and jacket in white piqué with a light spicing of yellow grosgrain on the hem of the back-buttoning jacket. By Horrockses: 7½ gns. at John Lewis; Finnigans, Wilmslow; Clements & Brown, Taunton. Lilac straw beach hat by Dorville, 21s. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Gilt bracelets by Adrien Mann



Blue and white spotted cotton dress is freshened with white piqué on the bodice. The small bolero ties above the full skirt which has its own petticoats. Byroter dress: 8½ gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Rackhams, Birmingham; R. W. Forsyth, Edinburgh. White pearl ear-rings by Adrien Mann

COTTON

takes the stage

continued



Curtain call for a white cotton sheath, blooming with big grey roses. The front gathers over a grey belt to make deep pockets and the short matching jacket (not shown) makes a bow in front. Atrima dress: 8½ gns. at Harrods; Jenners, Edinburgh; Marshall & Snelgrove, Bradford. Apricot straw hat by Dorville: 23s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London. White bead multiple necklace by Adrien Mann

COTTON

takes the stage

concluded

*The
Social
Alphabet*

V for Vain Contemplation

*See, the crimson day is dawning!
What a simply splendid morning!
Shine the teeth till they are glistening and sleek,
Shave with rubber-wristy motion,
Slosh with after-shaving lotion.
Does it sting? Well, one must suffer to be chic.*

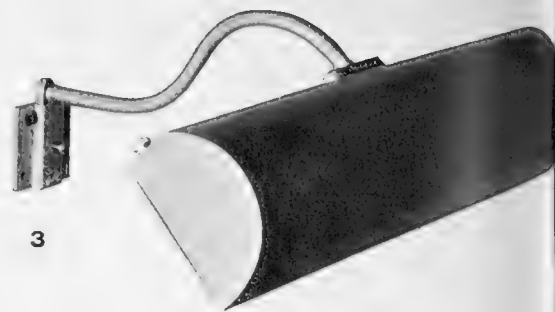
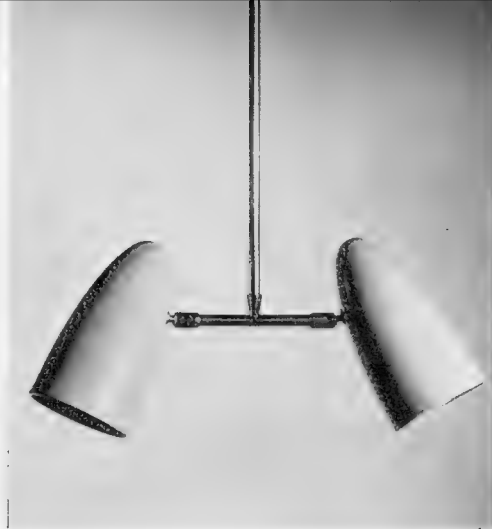
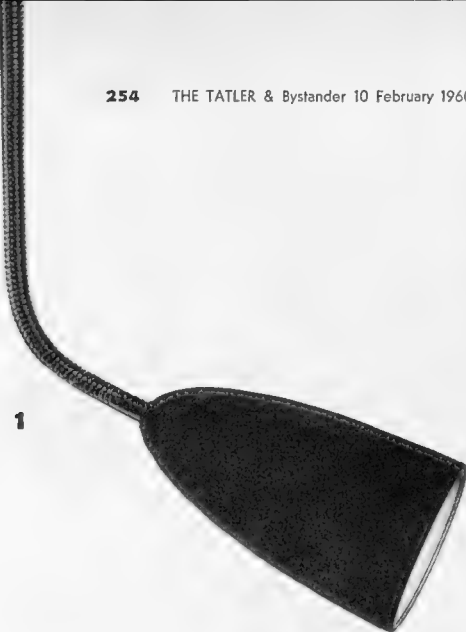
*Take the crispest of my shirts—
So completely white, it hurts—
And attach a dazzling collar thereupon.
Choose the socks, and shoot the cuff.
Trousers razor-creased enough?
Is the waistcoat ready brushed for putting on?*

*Grab the silver-mounted cane,
Just adjust the tie again.
Then we study our reflection, and peruse.
Yes, indeed, you gorgeous beast,
What a picture! What a feast!
Come and get me girls, before I blow a fuse!*

*"Why the frenzy?" you will say,
"Why the fabulous display?"
It's a secret I would rather wasn't shared—
For this tailor's dummy act
Is to camouflage the fact
That I can't afford to have my shoes repaired.*



Francis Kinsman



Shedding light on pictures

ONE PICTURE is company, two could start a collection. But to get the full pleasure from either needs the right sort of lighting and framing. There are people who will ponder for hours making up their minds about a picture. Are the colours right? Is it too big? Will it look well on the sitting-room wallpaper? Would a seascape be more the thing? But comes the moment to choose the frame and the first bit of gilt plaster that fits is accepted readily. And, as for lighting, that is ignored as an unnecessary refinement altogether.

Mr. John Whibley thinks that frames, besides showing the picture to the best advantage, should take into account the room furnishings. He opened his own gallery in George Street last year and has been making frames for more than ten years. Mr. Felix Mallinson (of Felix Frames) thinks that paintings generally look best in frames of their own period. Where there is a frame reveal, he believes in splaying it to avoid casting shadows on the canvas. Both he and Whibley agree that pictures should, ideally, be hung with the centre slightly below eye level, preferably flat against the wall, and with no cords visible. Mr. Robert Sielle, who has supplied the Tate Gallery, believes that sometimes a more elaborate frame can increase the interest of a picture. He has lately made some unusual frames of brass.

In lighting a picture, there are two things to avoid: reflection and uneven lighting. Reflection (on surfaces of oils as well as glass) can best be avoided by placing the light as obliquely as possible to the picture and making sure that no other light interferes with its beam. Uneven light often results from a light which is too close, or has too concentrated a beam. Of course it is essential to have an unobtrusive source of light. At its most elaborate—in a new house or conversion—it is possible to have whole walls lit by concealed strip or from recessed spotlights. For a painting that is specially valuable, there is a G.E.C. picture spotlight (costing around £40) which, by an adjustment of shutters and lens, can be made to give a beam of light shaped to the outline of the picture or frame, with no light spill beyond this area. However, in most houses less dramatic methods will do. Some adjustable fittings enable a picture to be effectively illuminated by an informal light which does double duty as a secondary room lighting. Simple in design, these fittings do not attract attention to themselves and will blend happily into most decoration schemes.



DESCRIBED BY ILSE GRAY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



1 Many pictures are best lit by spot from above. This ceiling-mounted spot has an adjustable arm and comes from Merchant Adventurers, 43 Portland Road, W.11.

2 A ceiling pendant, also from Merchant Adventurers, incorporating two spotlights. Both fittings have stove-enamelled coloured shades (also in aluminium anodized satin silver.)

3 Traditional reflector with an adjustable screen to cut down glare. From Allom Heffer, 17 Montpelier Street, S.W.7.

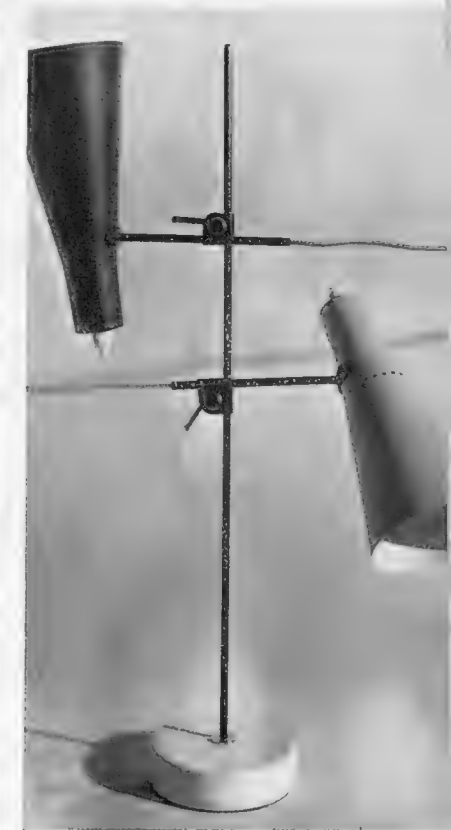
4 Another spotlight, side or end-mounted for ceiling or wall, from Courtney, Pope, Ltd., Tottenham, N.15. In polished silver anodized aluminium it has a concentric louvre to give a diffused light.

5 Wall-socket fitting, which lights best from an adjoining wall. It has a yellow adjustable shade. From Troughton & Young, Knightsbridge.

6 Low standard lamp (from Merchant Adventurers), light and practical, has an adjustable shade.

7 Table lamp designed by John & Sylvia Reid for Forest Modern, Arundel Road, Uxbridge.

Far left: Pictures by Carl Sheek, Derain and Hugh Robson, hanging in a narrow space between a door and cupboards in the Whiteley flat, are lit successfully by a double ceiling spotlight. Mr. Whiteley framed the pictures himself. Above left: A bold portrait by Paul McDowell (white painted frame by Felix Frames) is lit dramatically by a standard lamp—a more subdued effect could be gained by using a lower-powered bulb and more lighting in the room. Left: Combined room and picture lighting is achieved with this ceiling pendant by Forest Modern. (A similar effect could be obtained by using the table lamp at far right.) The paintings shown are by Bruce Proudfoot and Keith Grant, framed in wood and canvas by Felix Frames. Together with the McDowell portrait, they come from the New Art Centre, Sloane Street, a non-profit organization designed to help young artists sell their work and to advise the public. Above right: Three heads by Paul Manoussou, in uniform gill frames by John Whibley, are lit by a single light suspended from the ceiling. This adjustable reflector is available in various lengths from Merchant Adventurers who also make a similar wall bracket for single pictures. Right: Leger lithograph in an aluminium frame is lit obliquely from below by a Global spotlight, from Courtney, Pope, which avoids reflection on the glass.





VERDICTS

The play. **THE LILY WHITE BOYS.** Royal Court Theatre.
(Albert Finney, Monty Landis, Shirley Anne Field,
Ann Lynn.)

The films. **THE FALL.** Director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson.
(Elsa Daniel, Lautaro Murua, Duilio Marzio.)
EYES WITHOUT A FACE. Director Georges Franju.
(Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli, Juliette Mayniel.)
OPERATION PETTICOAT. Director Blake Edwards.
(Cary Grant, Tony Curtis, Dina Merrill, Joan O'Brien.)
MOMENT OF DANGER. Director Laslo Benedek.
(Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge, Edmund Purdom.)
SERENGETI SHALL NOT DIE. Director Michael Grzimek.

The books. **DAYS BEFORE YESTERDAY** by Maria Dermout (Seeker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.).

THE WITCH by Nika Hulton (Hart-Davies, 16s.).

A PICTURE HISTORY OF OPERA by Philip Hope-Wallace, and
A PICTURE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE by Robert
Furneaux Jordan (Hulton, 35s. each).

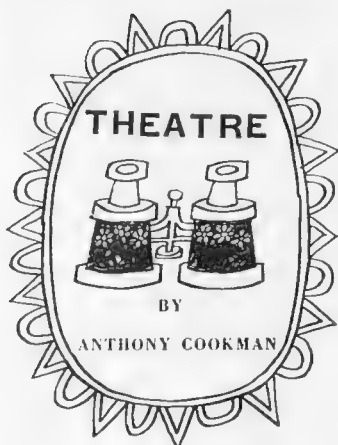
LOOK AT HOUSES by John Verney (Hamish Hamilton,
6s. 6d.).

THE ARMCHAIR THEATRE (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 21s.).

The records. **SOME LIKE IT HOT** by Barney Kessel.

FOUR! by Hampton Hawes.

BEAUTY & THE BEAT by Peggy Lee & George Shearing.



Bang—but it's
a blank charge

LEFT-WING SATIRISTS ARE PRONE fatally to underestimate the indulgence they are likely to be shown (if they do their job properly) by those whose accepted ideas they are challenging. That is the main mistake made by the authors of *The Lily White Boys* in their satire on contemporary society at the Royal Court Theatre. They have a capital comic idea to work on. A gang of juvenile delinquents, children of the cosh and the boot, get fed up with small-size rackets which yield them only small-size rewards. They decide to try their luck at the larger rackets from which the pillars of society apparently get their solid support.

If the adventures of these enterprising youngsters were amusingly presented an average audience, which is always more Right than Left Wing in instinctive sympathy, could be trusted to enjoy them enormously; and if they were presented not only amusingly, but with real satirical bite and guile, there might be a chance that the audience would go away with an uneasy feeling that a society in which such preposterous things can happen must be in a pretty unhealthy condition.

But the excellent idea taken from Mr. Harry Cookson's book is sadly mishandled. It is treated with a narrowly efficient aggressiveness which entirely fails to conceal the fact that the point has been missed. We are told at the outset that we are in for a "rough" evening. The naïve notion that the Right Wing section of the audience will find this threat faintly alarming is, of course, utterly mistaken. All they hope is that if things are going to be "rough" the roughness will be exhilarating. And they are naturally disappointed when they find that the play shows them that the adventurous juvenile delinquents arrived at dazzling success through their working of the higher rackets, but that the explanations of how they came to succeed are vague and perfunctory.

Razzo becomes a union shop steward and is given a seat in the cabinet; Ted is brainwashed by a psychiatrist so successfully that he becomes a titled indispensable on

every Royal Commission; and even poor Musclebound does as well as he wants to for himself. He exchanges his beloved cosh for a police truncheon.

The gals do even better. Liz going into business as a call girl achieves social prestige, and Eth graduates by way of the beauty contest racket into fame as a film actress.

All very amusing; but how does it come about? What did the union shop steward do to get into the cabinet. The answer is: he just gets there. Why should a call girl find herself invited to launch a great liner? The answer is the same: she just gets in a position to be invited. There is a short film showing the Cabinet Minister, the former call girl and the rest in all their glory; but we can hardly help

feeling that we have been cheated out of what really matters in their astonishing social climb. How exactly did they make it?

The explanation of our dissatisfaction is simple. At every stage of the juvenile delinquents' progress the authors concentrate, not on the doings of the delinquents, but on the awful behaviour of those whom they call ironically representatives of the Upright Citizen. The result of this concentration is, not unexpectedly, barren. All businessmen are crooks, all business is done by bribery, all lawyers are thieves, all trade union officials are muddle-headed, all publishers are scoundrels and so on *ad infinitum*. If you don't happen to accept these facile simplifications you probably never will, and if you do there is nothing much in this

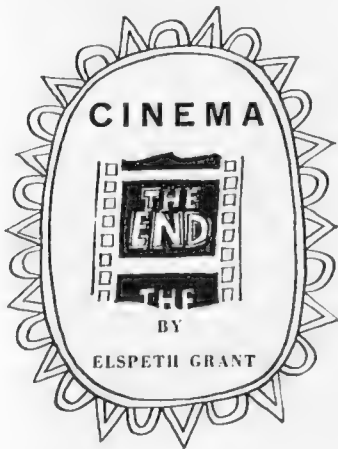


TWO FACETS OF EVE: Left: *Policewoman Clark* (Barbara Hicks) arrests *Musclebound*, who is eventually to become her colleague. Right: *The ex-Teddy girl Liz* (Ann Lynn), who achieves *Mayfair* ranking, is the envy of her boy-friends *Ted* and *Musclebound* (Albert Finney & Philip Locke)

satire to give fresh point to your conviction.

Mr. Christopher Logue's songs have the Brechtian heaviness without the Brechtian cutting lash, but the music of Mr. Tony Kinsey and Mr. Bill le Sage, tuned down that we may not miss any words in the songs, is always pleasant. Mr. Albert Finney gives a good, vigorous performance as the leader of the Lily White Boys, and Miss Shirley Anne Field makes good use of a television opportunity given to the factory girl turned film star.

Mr. Lindsay Anderson gives the show expert production, and though the average playgoer may regard it as a musical with a beginning and end but no middle, it may still win a following from the anti-Establishment public.



The Argentine sends a surprise

IT WOULD BE UNREASONABLE TO hope that all Argentinian films are as individual and affecting as *The Fall* (originally *La Caida*) but if the majority at least approach it in quality, it is a pity we do not see more of them. Perhaps, if you like this one as much as I did, we shall. Based on a novel by Senorita Beatriz Guido, it presents a study in odd human relationships—observed with

an impartial, uncondemnatory eye as discerning, almost, as Herr Ingmar Bergman's. Incidentally, since the director's name is Senor Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, he might well have a Swedish streak in him, somewhere.

A beautiful young student, Senorita Elsa Daniel, takes a room in a house near the University in Buenos Aires, and is understandably baffled by the strange *ménage* in which she finds herself. It is run by four young children, as pert and independent as sparrows, with a code of conduct all their own: they are fatherless and must fend for themselves—and they regard their largely bedridden mother, a sufferer from asthma and neurasthenia, as a great burden.

The only grown-up they have hitherto cared about is their Uncle Lucas, a writer of adventure stories, who seems to be perpetually travelling in far-off romantic places—but gradually they grow fond of Senorita Daniel, in whom an answering affection springs up, binding her to them. A handsome, priggish young lawyer, Senor Duilio Marzio, who strongly disapproves of the family, asks her to marry him: in loyalty to the children, she refuses.

Returning home one evening, she finds that the children that afternoon, to escape a beating, had locked their mother in her bedroom—and that she has died of a heart attack, for which they feel responsible. Senorita Daniel, deeply troubled, shares their sense of guilt: had her influence with them been strong enough, the tragedy could not have happened. Would it be best to leave them, now, to the care of someone else? The arrival of the idolized Uncle Lucas (Senor Lautaro Murua) only adds to her perplexity—for she cannot decide whether he is the magical man the children imagine him to be, or just another selfish human being. There is, as there would be in real life, no definite answer—which certainly makes this film more provocative and ponderable than any other in the current bunch.

Without hesitation, I can dismiss the French film *Eyes Without A Face* as a nasty and silly little horror piece. M. Pierre Brasseur plays a distinguished surgeon, whose pretty daughter, Mlle. Edith Scob, has been disfigured in a car crash—and is slightly deranged. To restore her to beauty and sanity, he carves off the features of a number of other young persons—trapped for him by Signorina Alida Valli, who also disposes of their bodies—and grafts them on to Mlle. Scob.

She is sane enough to realize that nausea will afflict the audience if all this goes on too long. With great presence of mind, she stabs Signorina Valli, unleashes on her father the ravaging dogs he keeps for experimental purposes—and wanders out into the wild woods, looking, one guesses, for a more credible script. Mr. Georges Franju, directing, is said to have emerged on the crest of the "new wave": my feeling is, he should be thrown straight back—at once.

Whether or not you find *Operation Petticoat* funny depends upon your ability to visualize the war in the Pacific as a great old lark. A U.S. Admiral, Mr. Cary Grant, recalls the days when he commanded a battered submarine, salvaged after being sunk by the Japanese and due to struggle, somehow, from Manila to Australia. Materials requisitioned for temporary repairs never arrived and he was stuck until joined by Mr. Tony Curtis, a talented scrounger who could take the shell off a turtle without its noticing.

Mr. Curtis "scavenged" everything he wanted and some he didn't—such as a supply of pink paint which gave the submarine a boudoir look, five big-busted nurses who gave the crew wolfish ideas, and a crowd of pregnant native women who just gave birth. The production is polished but could do with cutting by half-an-hour or so—and I think I would have preferred the piece to be played as out-and-out farce instead of half-comedy, half-straight.

The opening, silent sequences of

Moment of Danger are tremendously exciting: Mr. Trevor Howard, an embittered locksmith, and Mr. Edmund Purdom, a thief, successfully carry out an ingenious diamond robbery, in the bosom of Belgravia. It is so well done that one watches enthralled—entirely on the side of crime and the director, Mr. Laslo Benedek, and only hoping that the tension will be maintained to the end.

Alas, it isn't—perhaps because everybody begins to talk and the dialogue is something less than inspired. Mr. Purdom, deserts the

continued overleaf



DOROTHY DANDRIDGE as *Gianna* in *Moment of Danger* dances (top) at a village wedding in Spain, and (above) tells her partner, John Bain (Trevor Howard) why she has become a Madrid streetwalker—to save his life

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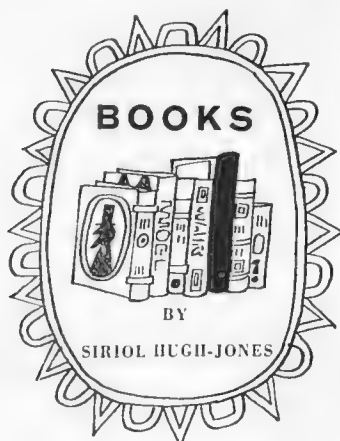


girl with whom he has been living—Miss Dorothy Dandridge, extremely moving—and double-crosses Mr. Howard, skipping out of the country with the loot. Obstinate as well as embittered, and dogged though deserted, Mr. Howard and Miss Dandridge head for Spain, where they find Mr. Purdom—and each other. Mr. Howard is as good as he can be—and Mr. Purdom, too, perhaps, though I hope not—but it's not, on the whole, a top flight movie.

Serengeti Shall Not Die is as enchanting as its forerunner, *No Room for Wild Animals* and is, again, not only a record of Africa's wild life but an impassioned plea for its preservation—a cause to which 24-year-old Herr Michael Grzimek dedicated himself and for which, indeed, he died. Every animal lover must see this film.



JENNY RUSSELL, former fashion model, as she appears in *Our Last Spring*, which has just finished filming in Greece. It is to be entered at Cannes in May. In the caption to her picture in our issue of 20 January, Miss Russell's name was mistakenly given as Fisher



This beats knitting

MARIA DERMOUT IS AN ADORABLE writer, now 70 years old, who spent much of her life in the Dutch East Indies. At 68 she set about writing her first novel, *The Ten Thousand Things* (published here not so long ago), which was a most beautiful, lyrical and strange dream of an island, a girl and a small garden.

Her new book *Days Before Yesterday*, with the same dream-quality, is clearly based on her own childhood experience of Java. It's about a small girl in a big house, her parents, their guests, the servants with their stories of magic—a marvellous and poetic evocation of a brilliant childhood world, exotic, glittering like a humming bird, more than a little frightening.

At the end, the child leaves Java to live in Holland, and one feels that the enormous importance of this parting with the landscape of her childhood has lasted all her life. She writes with extraordinary delicacy and freshness, a prose with a sweet yet sharp flavour all its own (the translation from the Dutch is by Hans Koningsberger, and is immensely skilful and sensitive.)

On the back of the jacket there is an enchanting and somehow mysterious picture of the author as she looked—what, fifty years ago?—in white lace and ribbons, with a round, soft, dark-eyed face like a Renoir and a secret expression. It is an enormous stroke of good luck for everyone that at an age when one might quite reasonably be settling down with one's knitting, Maria Dermout has turned into a remarkable writer.

Another novel firmly based on early experience is Nika Hulton's *The Witch*. Maybe it is not quite accurate to call it a novel, for the author says it is "based on my own memories," but denies that the narrator is herself. (I am not quite sure what purpose is served by this shift of eye-view—why not straight autobiography?) The scene is Paris, the world that of *émigré* Russians, including a psychic aunt and a great-aunt who was reckoned to be a witch. The tone is dry and emotionally detached, the style simple, brisk and rather taking. The book stops abruptly, as though the author had reached a full stop and simply gone away to do something else. It's a cool, brief, not unattractive little oddity, and I'm not at all sure I know what to make of it.

I want to urge everyone to get a copy of *A Picture History Of Opera* by Philip Hope-Wallace, who for my money is the wisest, most informed, most loving and funniest opera-historian anywhere, not to mention the one whose judgment is equally sound on music, singers, design and production. This book has an enthralling text, marvellous and sometimes almost incredible photographs and prints from the Mander and Mitchenson collection (it is delicious to see how the operatic costumes of every age refer pretty closely to the current contemporary fashions), and captions that make you cry with laughter. It is a book you must never lend to anybody.

In the same picture-history series, there's an excellent book called

A Picture History Of The English House by Robert Furneaux Jordan, starting with the 12th-century Bamburgh Castle and ending with Ronald Searle's house in Paddington. And one of the nicest books about houses I've ever seen is for children—it's called *Look At Houses* written and spikily, endearingly illustrated by John Verney. The author is clearly someone who fully understands the savage problems of English family life in houses, and has the sort of weird and enchanting mind that suddenly thinks of a drawing of a furniture-fancying Father Christmas riveted, on his rounds, by the decorated cornice of a four-poster bed.

Lastly, there's *The Armchair Theatre*, a large and glossy volume in which some of the bright lights of A.B.C. Television tell you, with amazingly brisk confidence, "how to write, design, direct, act and enjoy" television plays. As a do-it-yourself kit, this book did not make me feel I could necessarily roll up my sleeves and turn out a winning 60-minute job there and then; but the pictures are nice, and you can't have everything.



Top of the poll with Barney

GUITARIST BARNEY KESSEL HAS achieved the distinction of topping the major international jazz polls for the past four years. His potted biography reads like this:—Born 1923, self-taught; First job—Chico Marx; then with Malneck, Barnet, Shaw and others. Toured with Jazz at Philharmonic as part of Peterson Trio, 1952-3; subsequently free-lance and own group. Those few words cover a lot of music.

My regular readers will know me for an old stooge, a stick-in-the-mud who gave up listening to the guitar when Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian died and the field was wide open to anyone with a power-plug, an amplifier, and a set of electronic finger-nails! That, at any rate, is my excuse for not paying as much heed as I should to the exemplary

plectrum work of the indomitable Mr. Kessel, whose nimble fingers and unfailing rhythm make him the world's number one choice in any imaginary rhythm section. (Just to carry my old-fogey-ism to the limit, I admit that I still put Basie's Freddie Greene, an acoustic guitar player, top of every poll, if I am allowed a vote!)

Some like it hot was one of last year's most amusing films, and it provides the setting for one of Barney's hottest records. The score was crammed full of old standards like "Sweet Sue," and, backed by his almost inseparable buddy, drummer Shelley Manne, he went to town on this bouncing band-wagon (LAC12206).

Jimmy Rowles's economic piano work is in striking contrast to Previn's rôle in another Kessel album *Carmen* (LAC12214), which I frankly do not like. This piece falls a long way short of jazz, and hangs its mantle too closely, in an uncomfortably classical way, on themes which Bizet tidied up and set to their own individual rhythms in the last century. This approach takes it all much too seriously, despite an aggressive Disney-esque bull with a slight squint, on the sleeve!

The slickly efficient piano lead of Hampton Hawes (LAC12195) provides ideal complementary partnership for some scintillating Kessel guitar, just like the best of his work with Peterson. Hawes can be an imaginative player when he does not get bored, or carried away by his technique into a showy display of arpeggios and meaningless inversions. With Red Mitchell's bass and Manne's drums, this group is a contemporary retake of the old Basie "All-American Rhythm Section," kicking off from a less solid foundation.

Shearing on stage presents a live stereo-recorded concert which is typical of the British-born pianist's current work (ST1187). Apart from the introduction of a bongo player on some numbers there is little to distinguish this performance from his earlier quintet music. The West Coast college venue fades to Miami and the 1959 convention of America's disc-jockeys, whose misguided payola activities are at this moment under close Congressional scrutiny.

(For the benefit of my juvenile readership, pianolas are automatic pianos; payolas are automatic bank-rolls!)

Back to George Shearing, who supplies the music, and Peggy Lee, the husky-voiced blonde who took Benny Goodman by storm more years ago than blondes like to be remembered. *Beauty and the beat* (ST1219) finds her in good voice, the Shearing Five lightly swinging. The disc jockeys seemed to like it—I think you will too.



Tonics for young skins

THE IDEA THAT YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE no beauty problems is a mistaken one, yet a number of older people cling to it with maddening tenacity.

Even when such defects as a skin that is not as clear as it should be is brought to their notice, they do not take it seriously. The stock reply: "You'll grow out of it, dear, as you get older"—meant no doubt to be reassuring—is far from helpful.

Young people, all set for dates and parties, don't want to wait until they grow older. If they have any blemishes that are making them self-conscious, they want to get rid of them as quickly as possible.

One of the biggest worries is the crop of spots and pimples that always appear when least wanted. I am always interested in hearing of treatments that help this particular problem. One of the latest comes from Dorothy Gray—called *New Velveteen*. It is a two-in-one treatment, with a couple of preparations that are really effective in dealing with spots, blackheads and open pores.

A few *Cleansing Grains* are mixed to a paste with a little water in the palm of your hand, then worked gently into the skin with the fingertips, using a rotary movement. Leave to dry, which takes about four or five minutes, then rinse off with lukewarm water. Blackheads can easily be pressed out with a clean tissue. If stubborn, they can be removed with an extractor, which can be bought at the chemist.

A special *Clearing Cream*, both medicated and healing, clears up spots and closes relaxed pores. This cream should be put on before going to bed, immediately after using the grains, and left on all night.

New Velveteen treatment can be done three times a week if the skin is shiny and oily, twice if normal, or only oily in parts, and once if dry or sensitive.

Something else for treating spots and pimples is just about to come on to the market in this country. This is a brand new stick called *Sentor*. Designed primarily to hide blemishes, it also has healing properties. *Sentor* comes in a neat and convenient stick. It puts a skin-toned shield, or covering, over the spots, and makes them inconspicuous. At the same time it kills bacteria, and in the case of a

greasy skin, helps to dry up the oil which feeds infection. *Sentor* has already had a great success in America and on the Continent, and will shortly be in the chemists shops here. In the meantime, it is available from the manufacturers, Smith & Nephew Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Before leaving the subject of skin trouble I would like to stress two points: cleansing & diet. If the skin is not properly cleansed, and make-up is allowed to remain on overnight, this clogs the pores and causes them to secrete impurities. See that your skin is properly cleansed in whatever way suits it best before going to bed, and again in the morning.

Diet is very important to the health of the skin. External treatment alone is not sufficient to deal with persistent blemishes. It must be accompanied by sensible eating. This means no fried food, rich sauces, pastries, and as few sweets and chocolates as possible. This sounds dreary, but it need only be followed rigidly until the skin gets clear. You can make up with as much fresh fruit as you like, and plenty of vegetables and green salads. Also make a point of drinking plenty of water between meals. This helps to bring health to the complexion.

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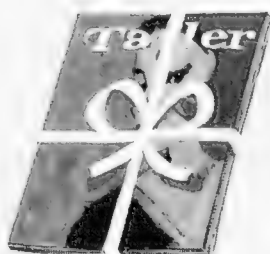
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FRANCIS (four), DUNCAN (two-and-a-half), CATRIONA (six months) and ARCHIBALD (five-and-a-half), with their mother. They are the children of Sir Francis Grant of Monymusk, Bt., & Lady Grant



NICHOLAS (two years) and CAMILLA (six months), the children of Capt. & Mrs. Peter Gibbs, The Old Green, Littlestone, Kent



THE HON. FRANCES CHETWYND (9 months) with her mother, Viscountess Chetwynd

MOT^{OR}ING by GORDON WILKINS

This drink business

AT LEAST IT HAS BEEN FUN FOR THE daily paper reporters, the feature writers and the TV commentators, guzzling double whiskies strictly in the line of duty and then huffing and puffing into the magic Breathalyzer. But the quality of the enlightenment that followed might suggest that total abstinence should be a condition of employment in journalism and television! Typical of the current mood is this newspaper headline: *It is time the truth was told about the slaughter on the roads. The drinking driver is the biggest menace.* In support of this it is stated that over Christmas 154 people died in car accidents. Quite untrue. That was the total in all road accidents, including the cyclist who fell off his machine and the pedestrian who fell down a flight of steps. In half of the accidents resulting in death and injury on the road there is no private car involved at all. This is not an opinion; it is a fact proved by police records. Yet day after day the drinking driver is being built up as Public Enemy Number 1.

The "Panorama" programme on B.B.C. television recently joined the campaign, but in fairness they did invite the A.A. and the R.A.C. to send a spokesman to present the motoring point of view. Apparently the motoring spokesmen refused, because they "needed further information." Robin Day not unnaturally dismissed their attitude with contempt and the programme

developed into a routine travesty which there was not a single word to suggest that the subject of drink and road accidents concerns anyone but the driver.

If only the A.A. and R.A.C. would descend from their sumptuous furnished ivory palaces, there plenty they could say without waiting for further information.

First, this question is being exaggerated and distorted by evidence which will not stand moment's examination. The accident peak between 10 and 11 p.m. is quoted as evidence of drunken driving. But that is also the time when millions of people are on the way home from cinemas, theatres and restaurants, from village socials, night schools and sports clubs, causing a traffic peak which would raise the accident figures if there were no pubs at all. On Christmas Eve, when the accident figures created so much horror, there were enormous numbers of people on the road travelling late after a day's work, to join family parties for the holiday period. Thank heaven Mr. Marples has kept his head and is having the Christmas accidents fully analysed.

A campaign is being run to discredit the police figures of the number of drivers who have accidents under the influence, but the estimates which the critics put forward in their place vary so widely that most can be dismissed for what they are; guesswork.



Crystals in the tube of Sweden's "drunk tester" change colour when the breath contains too much alcohol. It costs a few shillings, against the Breathalyzer's £330

There is no reason to question the police conclusion that there are as many drunken pedestrians and cyclists involved in accidents as there are drivers.

The Road Research Laboratory has reported an investigation in which one half the drivers and more than half the pedestrians involved in fatal accidents at night had taken some alcoholic drink. But for all we know a random test of the people out at night who were *not* involved in accidents might show the same result. Any person on the highway in an intoxicated state is a menace and should be punished, but obviously no measures directed solely against drivers are going to stop the accidents. Nor is it at all constructive to say, as a spokesman for R.O.S.P.A. is alleged to have remarked, that pedestrians and cyclists usually get themselves hurt, whereas drivers menace other people. We have all seen cases where the innocent were killed in swerves to save the guilty.

The Brewers' Society is proposing to run a campaign to dissuade drivers from drinking, but if they are going to go on turning out other road users under the influence, they might as well save their money.

Sweden is quoted *ad nauseam* as the country which sets the pace in dealing with drunken drivers, but everyone remains discreetly silent about Sweden's tough ways with other road users who have accidents under the influence. How many of

the people who talk so much have ever been to Sweden to study the problem? The Swedish winter is long, dark and bitterly cold, and there's nothing like a glass of schnapps to bring back the circulation to numbed feet, fingers, ears and nose. Inside, in the warmth and the bright light, one eats a lot of those extraordinary varieties of pickled herring, sweet and sharp, which we catch for others to enjoy. There is other sea food, too, in superb variety, and it all creates a thirst which is agreeably assuaged by further portions of various kinds of schnapps.

All goes well until it is time to go home. One dresses up, to emerge into the crisp, starlit snow at a temperature below zero (Fahrenheit), and in seconds one is gloriously, hilariously drunk. Given these conditions, and a nation with a taste for potent liquor, stern measures were necessary. But there is nothing comparable in the British climate, British liquor or British drinking habits.

Finally, in answering this avalanche of anti-motoring propaganda, I should have wanted to know why everyone is giving so much free publicity to an American device said to cost £350 when the Swedes get by with a simple glass tube costing a few shillings—because you may be sure that whatever measures are adopted, the motorist is going to have to foot the bill.

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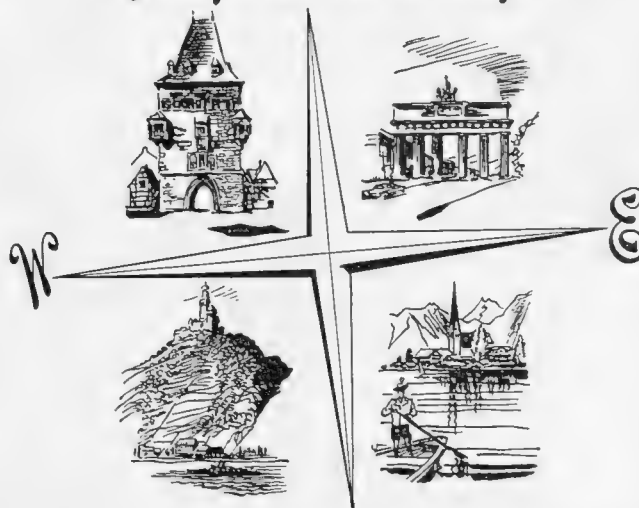
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COUNTER SPY

in the kitchen

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

Top Shelf—Newly tested and improved range of stainless steel saucepans, satin finish inside and mirror finish outside. Notable features are the non-spill flat rims and close-fitting lids. This range of a nest of saucepans (three are shown) can be used on any cooker. By Curran, prices: 44s. 7d.; 56s. 1d.; 57s. 3d.; and 64s. 2d. From leading stores at the end of February.

First Shelf—For every-day cooking Woolland's claim that this line can't be beaten in their straightforward "pots and pans" range. It is Swedish, in copper-bottomed stainless steel, and has flat-lids. Shown is a stewpan which comes in two sizes, prices: £5 19s. 6d. and £5 7s. 3d. A revolutionary look to the frying pan, with a deeper pan (1 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches) and a flat rim. The handle is set at a good angle and is in heat-resistant black plastic. From Jury's "Heritage" stainless steel range, price: £2 10s. 4d., from Bourne & Hollingsworth and all leading stores and ironmongers. Hanging from the shelf, an almost hair-line wire mesh mat, 3s. 6d., from Cadec, 27 Greek Street. It has greater efficiency than asbestos mats as it gives all-over heat, can be put on a low flame & earthenware or pottery utensils can stand on it.

Second Shelf—Completely new in Morphy-Richards' range, an electric skillet, that can stew, fry, roast, braise or bake. It stands on four sturdy legs and is made of cast aluminium. The lid is light-weight and copper-toned. There is a removable wire-tray and a thermostatic heat-control unit fitted with a pilot light (*not shown*). The temperature dial ranges from 150 deg. F. to 400 deg. F. When at lowest heat, the skillet can be used as a hot-plate, and is also quite suitable for table-side cookery. Price: £7 19s. 6d. complete, from all leading stores. An old faithful is this massive, old copper saucepan, tin-lined and steel-handled. Price: £5 1s. 6d., from Cadec.

Third Shelf—From Prestige's "Sky-line" range, an oval roaster in seamless aluminium. It is self-basting as the lid is dimpled, so that steam gathered during cooking drips back evenly on the food. The roaster has off-set handles so that it takes up minimum space. Price: 22s. 6d. from leading stores. Earthenware *pot au feu* for *petite marmite* is partially glazed—an essential companion for devotees of the art of French country cooking. In a good large size, price: £2 14s. 6d. (other sizes available), from Cadec.

Bottom Shelf—Impressive infra-red chicken grill by Grillfix is ideal for large families and barbecue addicts. It has an automatic timer, rotating spit, and three-heat control. The chickens are ready in next to no time. The lid lifts to disclose a tray on which things can be kept hot. Price: £26 12s. 6d., from William Page, Shaftesbury Avenue. An electric coffee grinder with a detachable liquidizer, is wonderful value for 4 gns. from the French firm Moulinex. The liquidizer holds $\frac{1}{2}$ pint and has a stopper in the plastic lid for adding ingredients. From Heal's.





Winter warmers

by HELEN BURKE

MY ATTENTION WAS FIRST DRAWN to what I had always taken for granted—our good body-warming suet dishes—when a French friend asked me to take him to a place where he could have the best steak and kidney pudding and the best treacle roll. He wanted them both at the same meal!

The fact that he was as slender as a beanpole prevented me from remarking on the overdose of suet crust. To say that he enjoyed them would be putting it mildly. He positively revelled in them—told me that, in the whole of the *cuisine* of his country, there was nothing to compare with them. Well, hunger, as the old saying goes, is the best sauce, and he was a hungry man.

By this I do not mean to decry our delicious suet puddings. Far from it. I, too, like them, but one at a time is quite enough for me.

A young friend of mine who cooks well, but has little time for it, always buys a can of American blue point oysters for his steak, kidney and oyster pudding. As he can only make it on a Sunday, he thinks the can is a good idea.

Here is the recipe for what he calls his "herby" pudding:

For 5 to 6 people, cut 1½ lb. beef skirt or stewing beef and 6 to 7 oz. beef kidney, freed of skin and tissue, into squares. Mix together 1 tablespoon flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, a good pinch of pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley and ¼ teaspoon powdered thyme. Roll the meats in them.

Make a good suet pastry with 12 oz. self-raising flour, 6 to 7 oz. shredded suet, and a good pinch of salt and water to make a not-too-firm dough. Roll out two-thirds of it a little smaller than the buttered pudding basin. Place the dough in it and work it up to the rim. This does away with "pleats" of dough. Turn the meats into the basin and add cold water almost to cover them.

Damp the rim. Pat out the remaining dough to fit the top, place it in position and pinch together. Cover with buttered

aluminium foil. Stand the basin on a trivet in a pan of boiling water reaching two-thirds up it. Cover and boil for 2 to 2½ hours.

To serve: Warm the oysters in their stock and drain it into a jug containing ½ pint boiling water. Cut out a wedge of the pastry and remove a serving of the pudding. Pour into the basin enough of the diluted oyster stock to moisten the meat and move it about. Serve an oyster or two with each portion of the pudding.

Variations: Some people like to include a chopped small onion. Others, when they can get them, slice 1 to 2 of those lovely large dark-fleshed mushrooms and add them. Some like a small teaspoon of tomato purée in the mixture, and still others add a small can of beans in tomato sauce to the meats.

Use the same suet crust for a sweet roly-poly or substitute 2 oz. fine breadcrumb crumbs for 2 oz. of the flour. This is said to make a flakier roll. Ginger and golden syrup is a lovely combination.

For 5 to 6 people, roll out the pastry to a width of 7 to 7½ inches. Spread it with golden syrup, leaving the sides and one end free for about one-third of an inch. Sprinkle with a meagre teaspoon of ground ginger. Damp the margins with a little water, roll up and press together the ends and the join running along the top.

Wring a clean linen cloth out of extremely hot water, sprinkle it with a little flour, place the roll on it and loosely roll it up. Tie the ends securely together. Lower the roll into boiling water, cover and boil for 2 to 2½ hours.

Instead of syrup and ginger, marmalade makes an excellent filling. So does a mixture of dried pudding fruits (spread on the syrup).

With any of these roly-polys, serve syrup diluted with hot water and flavoured with ground ginger.

Jaffa oranges are here again. They make a delightfully flavoured sponge pudding. For 4 people, well wash an orange in hot water. Remove the peel very thinly, without any white, and cut it into strips.

Cream together 3 oz. butter and 4 oz. caster sugar. Beat in a large egg and 5 oz. self-raising flour, sifted with a pinch of salt. Add the strips of peel and enough orange juice to make a nice, fairly soft mixture. Two-thirds fill a buttered pudding basin with the mixture, cover with buttered aluminium foil, stand on a trivet in a pan of boiling water reaching half-way up and boil, covered, for 2½ hours.

Serve with whipped slightly sweetened single cream, flavoured with the grated rind of half an orange. It will not thicken very much but will be just frothy and amazingly pleasant.

RUFFINO

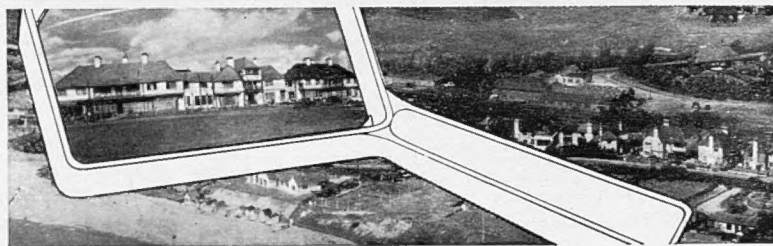
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